The *APOTHECART* in the *Sheet*, Or Ad---m's Repentance, Truely Delineated, by D. M.

29

Qui ne tuberibus, propriis offendat Amicum,
Poſtulat, Ignoſcat verrucis illius æqum Eſt,
Peccatis Veniam poſcentem, reddere rurſus. Hor.

GOD Wott, Great Cauſe I have to Weep
My Fame and Pilladg'd Riches
And Henceforth I deſign to keep
A Padlock to my Breeches.
Nor think thou ſhalt Unpuniſh'd Paſs
Whom Stiff Erection Aſſaails
Severely thou ſhalt feel the laſh
Of Dominick's Cat—— and Nine —— Tailes
Thy headſtrong Rage I'll Effrenate
Like Fryars in Bavaria
Thy Guilt, thou ſcarce can Expiate
By Ten times AVE MARIA
In Grief Immerc'd I now Regrett
The Sin I once did Try
My Tears Unſluc't this * Sheet could Wett
But Shame forbids me Cry
A greater preſſure I could bore
Had rigid Law ſo Rank't it
Or Puniſh't Equally, the Whores
Who furniſh'd bed, and blankets.
But Why ſhould I ſuch Trifles hold
Or blame th' oblidging Miſſes
The Treach'rous Hemp, too plainly told
Our Sport Tranſcended Kiſſes
Did not the Tell taile Cords, Unſcreen
By our too Vig'rous Flurting
The Devil himſelf Could ne're have ſeen
Our Kennel thro' the Curtain.
The Low Kirk, Nurtur'd me with Care
Which I've diſgrac'd, and Vext
But in my Youth, I promiſt fair
And Liv'd up to the Text.
With Hypocritick Zeal, I've been
Stanch't in Diſſenting ſtation
Yet Us'd it, as a Shroud to skreen
Inceſt and Fornication.
My Anvil'd Soul, too oft, Obſerv'd
With Larve to Cant and Pray
Had I been Noos'd, when I deſerved
I'd Scarce been here this day.
But where Employ'd I Scarce can tell
Or Repreſent at Large
If not Tranſporting ſouls to Hell
In Charon's Ferry-Barge
Where Might My Wiſh, to Chooſe have leave
What Office I'd Enjoy,
The Grandeſt poſt I'd dare to Crave
Is Swat, or Cabbin Boy.
Who Dare, the Grave D—nters ſlight
But Tories, Whores and Jades
If they take pains, to watch them Right,
They'l find they'er honeſt Blades
Who ſay that they, like Zealots blind
Do Circumvent and Cozen
If ſcrutiny they make, they'll find
One honeſt in three Dozen
Aſperſing Jacobits Maligne
So Juſt Diſſ—nters fall
When Steeples they attempts to Clime
Exempli Gratia—— Noll.
'Tis true in power, they're too Pert
In Deeper Schemes, they're diging
But if the Church, they may'nt ſubvert
Pray let them ride her Rigging.
What tho' their Verjuice Canker Spleen
Made Conſtitutions, Tripp
That Curſt Subverſion, ne're had been
Had Law Retain'd its Gripp
What tho' in plodding, they have ſtrove
And trampl'd on the Crown
Worſt Rebels, humbleſt Vaſſals prove
If Juſtice keeps them down.
Nor wonder then that ſuch Edg'd Tools
Could K—'s Aſſinate
'Tis dang'rous ſure when bigot Fools
Uſurp the Helm of State.
Grave Sanctity, whilſt here alive
I'll Circumſpectly Paint
And like my fellow brethren ſtrive
To Play the formal Saint
Since thus, my Crime I Expiate
And Cancel by Attrition
I beg that to the * Elder's State
78 I may have Readmiſſion.
And Madams Conqueſt boaſt you can
So I'll confine my Codds
O're Matcht I fought, and Vanquiſht am
For two to † one is Odds.

* The Sheet in which he performs his pennance.
* He requeſts to be Elected Elder of the
[illegible]

1432.54